

# CROSSVILLE CHRONICLE.

THE TENNESSEE TIMES  
CROSSVILLE CHRONICLE

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Lasting  
Only a  
Few Days

## ARMY SALVAGE SALE

Starts  
Tuesday,  
Sept. 28.

CROSSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

At the J. W. Buttram Mill. Look for the Banner.

Your chance to buy CHEAP Winter Suits, Overcoats, Blankets, Shoes, Leggings, Raincoats, Ponchos, Hats, Caps, Overalls, Jumpers, Rubber boots, Sweaters and other useful and dependable articles.

This is the first opportunity ever offered the people of this section to buy this class of goods. The army was overstocked with supplies when the war closed, and these goods are turned loose by the government at a great sacrifice, and the buyer gets the benefit. The army used standard goods, and any article made for the army lasts longer, wears better and sells cheaper than any similar article manufactured for any private concern. \* \* \* \* \*

THIS STATEMENT WILL BEAR INVESTIGATION.

## ARMY SALVAGE STORE.

### THEY ARE GRATEFUL.

The Chronicle is in receipt of a letter from the state Y. M. C. A. which contains the following comment on the aid rendered to the summer camp organization this season by Crossville and Cumberland county people:

"We have just completed the first season of our camp and feel that much of the success of this camp is due to the splendid and hearty cooperation of the Crossville people and those of the vicinity. Would you be so kind as to express our appreciation to them through the medium of your paper? We are planning even bigger things for the years to come and are counting on their support and aid in the future."

The aid and sympathy extended to the "Y" by the people of our county should grow and broaden each year and we should take active steps to have our boys and young men affiliate closely with these young men, camp with them and enter heartily into the whole scheme of the organization. The young men who come to this camp are among the highest type of associates that the boys of Crossville and Cumberland county can possibly have and for us to fail to take advantage of the splendid opening for the betterment of our boys, which this summer camp presents, is for us to neglect most wantonly an opportunity to help our boys along the lines that will make of them men of the highest type.

### HURT BY LIGHTNING

Mr. and Mrs. George Smith are conducting the boarding house at the Pugh camps six miles from Mayland. During a thunder storm recently two men were shocked by

lightning. Two men, Holes Russell and Dale McCormick were in a tent which was struck by lightning and both men were quite severely shocked and burned, but neither was killed. One of the men was able to walk to the boarding house unassisted and the other had to be helped from the tent to the house. The lightning killed three hens at the same time. The men were not able to work for several days, but are expected to fully recover.

### An Ordinary Man

Once upon a time there was a man named Smith, an ordinary sort of man, who lived on an ordinary sort of farm in an ordinary sort of community, making an ordinary sort of living for an ordinary family, sending an ordinary bunch of boys and girls to an ordinary school, driving to town over an ordinary road, selling ordinary farm products at ordinary prices and buying the things an ordinary farmer buys at the price he ordinarily pays.

After awhile, however, an extraordinary idea got loose in this man's neighborhood. The neighbors, or some of them, decided that the ordinary sort of school would no longer do for their children. So they proposed to make a new school district, levy a tax on themselves, build a better schoolhouse, and employ better teachers. This

ordinary man named Smith thought it a very extraordinary thing that anybody should propose to increase his own taxes. "I'm agin it," he said; "our school's as good as the ordinary an' we can't afford to raise the taxes any." But his neighbors who were a little less ordinary, carried it over him, and soon his children were going to a school entirely out of the ordinary for them.

A little later it was proposed to make that ordinary road—which was really a bit extraordinary when the weather was bad—into a really good road. "No, sir," said the ordinary man, "such taxes as that'll break anybody up. I can get to town without a city road; an ordinary country road does me." But again his neighbors ran the thing over him. He did the ordinary amount of grumbling about the increased taxes, but soon was getting to town in half the ordinary time, and his farm was worth nearly twice what he had ordinarily asked for it.

Then some of the neighbors decided that they could keep better cows than the ordinary kind, make better butter than farmers ordinarily make, and sell it all together for better than ordinary prices. Farmer

Smith would not take up with such an extraordinary proposition. "It won't work," he said, "taint the ordinary thing for farmers to stick together." These farmers did, however, and after awhile it became the ordinary thing in that community for a farmer to breed his cow to a registered bull and send his cream to the co-operative creamery. Then the ordinary farmer did it.

After a time he took sick with some ordinary disease and died at folks ordinarily die. He had an ordinary funeral with an ordinary crowd. Coming back from it, one of the neighbors said: "I liked Smith pretty well, but he never—well, he was just ordinary, 'plumb ordinary."

And the community's grief over his passing was just ordinary—extremely ordinary.—Southern Agriculturist.

(There are vastly too many ordinary folks in every community. Put your head against a post and think hard for a moment and see if you are not one of those "ordinary" folks. If you are quite being one if you have to be "plumb mean" to get away from being just common "ordinary". Anything, almost, except just common ordinary.—Editor Chronicle.)

K. L. Bilbrey has sold his residence to his brother, Italy Bilbrey, and will shortly move to a farm near Algood, Putnam county. Italy Bilbrey has sold his residence to J. S. Horn, who will move into town from his farm just outside the city limits. Mr. Horn, we understand, has rented his farm.

If you have never tried a WATERMAN pen it is likely you don't know just how handy, useful and pleasant it is to use a fountain pen. See them at the Chronicle office. Nothing better made in fountain pens and few equal the WATERMAN.

Flinch cards for sale at the Chronicle office.

J. T. Henry, who is a theological student of the Congregational church, at Atlanta, but who has been at Cremona, Alberta, Canada, for the summer in ministerial work, will arrive home this week. He reports his work full of inspiring and helpful suggestions and withal very enjoyable and he feels useful. He will return to his studies in Atlanta next week. He will preach at Cold Springs, his home school house near Isofne, Sunday next, September 26. Mr. Henry is a very active and energetic young man of high aims and will doubtless bring an interesting message to his home people.